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THE CAMP GUIDE:

IN A SERIES OF

LETTERS,

FROM

ENSIGN TOMMY TOOTHPICK,

TO

LADY SARAH TOOTHPICK,

AND FROM

MISS NELLY BRISK, TO MISS GADABOUT.

LONDON:
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A MILITARY DICTIONARY, explaining and deſcribing the Technical Terms, Phraſes, Works, and Machines, uſed in THE SCIENCE OF WAR; embelliſhed with COPPER PLATES of all the Common Works uſed in MILITARY ARCHITECTURE: as well as the Utenſils employed in Attacks and Defences; with References for their Explanation: and AN INTRODUCTION TO FORTIFICATION.

Printed for Fielding and Walker, Pater-noſter-Row.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HER GRACE THE

DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ALL the world is now in arms!
Ev'ry boſom, glory charms:
Ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry ſwain,
Sighs to ſerve a gay Campaign.
France! conſider, what you 're doing,
Raſhly ſeek not your undoing!
Britiſh valour, Britiſh ſpirit,
All her ſoldiers ſtill inherit!
Britiſh beauty, all muſt feel,
Though their hearts were flint or ſteel.
Proud and haughty King of France,
Venture not to break a lance!

By

By the fire of Delia's eye,
Hapleſs Lewis, you muſt die.
Rather for her pity ſue,
What can't Beauty, Beauty do.
Beauty! conquers ev'ry heart,
Beauty! tips the urchin's dart,
Beauty! bids the Poet write,
Beauty! bids the ſoldier fight.
Beauty! courage ſtill inſpires,
Beauty! wakens martial fires.
After Beauty, how we tramp!
Beauty brings us all to Camp!
Heroes! heroes! ſing and laugh,
With good claret freely quaff.
If by chance you drop aſleep,
Delia's charms the Camp will keep,
Queen of Beauty, lovely fair,
Albion's fate is in your care;
France and Spain muſt ſtill ſubmit
To your beauty, grace, and wit.

THE

THE CAMP GUIDE.

LETTER I.

ENSIGN TOOTHPICK TO LADY SARAH TOOTHPICK.

To my lady, dear mother, your Tommy now writes,
To 'count his misfortunes, adventures and frights;
I ne'er ſhall forget, what your ladyſhip ſaid,
When War's *ſweet amuſements* had pop'd in my head;
Ah Tommy, ah Tommy, your ladyſhip cried,
What fatigues will you meet with, and perils beſide!

When from me you 're abſent, ah! who will take care
Of Tommy, my darling, my comfort, and heir?
But honor and glory had then fir'd my breaſt,
And till I 'd gain'd laurels, I ne'er was at reſt;
Dear Glory ſtill charms me—I ſtill feel I 'm bold,
But this I muſt tell ye—I 've got a ſad cold!
I 'm queeriſh all over—my pulſe is full high,
And curſe on their drums—here I quiet can 't lie;
But lord, my dear ma'am, in the Camp they 're all brutes,
Our Col'nel faith ſneer'd, when I air'd my new boots!
And though broiling the day—was e'er ſuch a fellow?
He walks in the ſun-ſhine, without an umbrella!
But where am I rambling—alack my poor wits,
At the ſixteen mile ſtone, I went into fits!
That raſcal, Old Harry, was got then ſo drunk,
He ſuffer'd the French, to march off with my trunk!
Some French or Americans, ſure it muſt be,
And ſtrange looking fellows, I really did ſee,
Nay, perhaps it was *Jones*, we heard of ſo late,
Who ſtript poor Lord Selkirk, of all his old plate!
I 've loſt the curs'd trunk, that contain'd my beſt ſnuff,
And (for ev'nings when cool) my fav'rite French muff!

My

My powder, my bruſhes, my almond's ſweet ſope,
(O, would the ſad villains were all ſtrung in rope)
With thouſands of nick-nacks, I can't juſt remember;
Enough near to laſt me, from this till December.
And as for my teeth, that ſo lately were white,
If my glaſs tells me true, they're now quite a fright!
I'm firmly reſolv'd, be what will the expence,
A trumpet to ſend, for Ruſpini or Spence!
But exhauſted's my ſtrength, I wiſh I could doze,
And all my loſt ſpirits, in ſlumbers compoſe;
Huſh, trumpets and drums! huſh, fifes and baſſoons!
Nor wake me in horrors, with all your d—n'd tunes!
To-morrow or next day, again I ſhall write,
Come nurſe bring me my cordial—my Lady, good night!

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BY cordials, my Lady, warm whey, and good care,
I once more now venture to take the freſh air:
With Serjeant M‘ Gruff, I 've been this forenoon,
To learn how to play, with a flag and ſpontoon!
For here you muſt know, with us all 'tis the rule,
Each morning and ev'ning, to practice at ſchool!
(Heav'n grant that the French, May n't land in mere ſpight,
Before we have learnt, our left-hand from our right)
We 've Col'nels from town, and Captains from plough,
And how they came hither,—no mortal knows how!
And what they came for, is ſtill greater wonder,
Unleſs for to ſaunter, and hear the drums thunder!
Oh! did you but ſee us in battle array'd!
Our muſic briſk playing, our colours diſplay'd;
So handſome, ſo lively, ſo martial our air,
'Tis the cockade alone, that charms all the fair!
The Romans their Captains, from plough-tails oft took,
Who ne'er ſtudied war, from their Serjeants or book!

By

By courage and valour, and dint of hard blows,
They ſtill were victorious, and conquer'd their foes:
And we not leſs daunted, will hew and will hack,
And to take ſurer aim, we lay on our back!
We drop to ſoft muſic, 'tis true, I aſſure ye,
Like the troop of fam'd Bays, you 've ſeen at old Drury.
At ——— gay camp, we 're in hopes to have plays,
And Breſlaw 's expected here, one of theſe days;
Col'nel Toper intended, a ſnug maſquerade,
Of the French, had we not been wiſely afraid,
Who perhaps in diſguiſe, in the midſt of a dance,
Might priſoners all make us, and take us to France!
With ladies, clowns, parſons, we have ſuch intruſion,
Our Camp is the picture of Babel's confuſion!
Here ſoldiers are drinking, there women are bawling,
Here hautboys are ſqueaking, there children are ſqualing;
In ſhort, we 're ſo merry, ſo joyous, and glad,
From Drummer to Col'nel, you 'd think we 're all mad.
But what 's now the matter? our Camp 's in alarms,
And all our brave ſoldiers, are now under arms;
A ſmoke to the left of our camp now appears,
Which cauſes our doubts, our ſurmiſes and fears!
Our pickets are doubled, the ladies are crying,
The clowns are all frighten'd, the children are flying.

LETTER III.

DITTO TO DITTO.

OUR doubts are ſubſided, our fears are all baniſh'd,
The dangers now over, the ſmoke is all vaniſh'd;
A rick of green hay, and two crazy old barns,
By firing, occaſion'd theſe dreadful alarms!
The panick was ſuch, we could ſee plain enough,
Ten thouſand ſtarv'd Frenchmen, all marching in buff!
The hay-rick and barns, now to hear how they curſe!
Well I think, for my part, 'tis well 'tis no worſe!
Our lines are now doubled, we 've incloſed a ſteep hill,
And now lay as ſnug as a thief in a mill!
We 've nought here to do, but to gallant the ladies,
Nor are we here peſter'd, with duns or with bailiffs,
A bailiff our camp, will ne'er dare to come nigh,
Or by our Court-Martial, he 's hung for a ſpy!
But quite apropos, ma'am, as going my round,
In drawing our lines, a ſpy I 've juſt found;
Of Providence this, no mark can be ſtronger,
Our Camp had been blown up, in ten minutes longer!
But who is he? what is he? no one could tell,
Our chaplain believed him, a fiend broke from hell:

We 're

We 're all in confuſion, quite loſt in a trance,
For my part I thought him, a Marſhal of France!
A council was call'd—ah! will wonders ne'er ceaſe!
This Marſhal of France, prove'd a juſtice of peace!
But to our ſweet Camp, who d'ye think is come down,
Bill Titmouſe and Primroſe, and liſping Tom Brown!
Titmouſe has ſpared me, ſome lipſalve and cream,
And chicken-gloves yet—I have that are clean,
For eſſence of æther, I 'm quite at a loſs,
No nothing ſure ever, could happen ſo croſs,
Jack Primroſe intends, as the weather keeps fair,
With me all the dangers, and laurels to ſhare:
I think he'll not ſtay here, a Winter's campaign,
The ſoldiers at Rome, never ſtir out in rain!
But enough of Jack Primroſe, more news I can tell ye,
Aunt Tripit's come down, and my ſweet couſin Nelly!
There 's old Rachael prude too, ſo fearful of man,
She ne'er could look at 'em, without her great fan:
The Camp for a prude!—you 'll ſay is amazing,
Yet woman, is woman, and ſtill fond of gazing!
But ſtop here, my Muſe, I 'm ſummon'd to meſs,
Here, Harry! John! Thomas! aſſiſt me to dreſs!
Next Poſt, my dear Lady, I'll pick up ſome news,
My duty now calls me—accept my excuſe.

LET-

LETTER IV.

MISS NELLY BRISK TO MISS FANNY GADABOUT.

WELL, who could have thought, by reading the papers,
That war was a cure for the ſpleen or the vapours!
I hope, my dear Fanny, you ſoon will leave town,
The Cott'rie itſelf, I aſſure you 's come down;
E'en Cupid, gay Cupid, to Coxheath is come,
To raiſe love recruits, with his fife and his drum:
A thouſand fair damſels he has in his train,
A heart he now offers, each gallant young ſwain!
All now, but a ſoldier, does Cupid deſpiſe,
And to valour alone, he gives up the prize.
This morning attended, by all the gay throng,
He beat up his drum, and he gave us this ſong!

From lovely Venus, Cupid 's come,
Hark! hark! his lively fife and drum!
A gallant ſerjeant, I appear
For Love, to liſt a volunteer!

Ye

Ye miſers! who brood o'er your gold,
And ſigh that love 's not bought and ſold;
Who without chink, think beauty dear,
I own you not, Love's volunteer.

Ye beaux! whoſe ſtudy, ſtill is dreſs,
The fair, 'tis ſaid, you ſeldom bleſs;
To your ſweet ſelves, you are ſo dear,
You cannot be, Love's volunteer.

Ye Doctors grave, will you excuſe,
If in our corps we you refuſe?
In Love's campaign, no wounds we fear,
And *fees* ill ſuit, Love's volunteer!

Ye lawyers here, ſo ſpruce and fine,
It ſeems with you, vacation time!
But ſoon, too ſoon, will term appear,
Too buſy then, for volunteer —!

Ye ſoldiers brave, whom glory charms,
Your country calls you now to arms!
To Cupid, courage, valour 's dear,
For Love you are the volunteer!

Then to my ſtandard, freely come,
'Tis Love invites you, hark! his drum!
Come follow, follow, haſte away,
The *wiſh'd-for heart*, is Cupid's pay.

I think, my dear Fanny, I've heard you oft ſay,
A red-coat alone, to your heart knew the way!
The caſe is too true,—nay you can't it deny,
Then come down to Coxheath, a conqueſt pray try!
I've many things yet, my dear Fanny, to tell ye,
But I muſt defer it—Adieu, ſays your Nelly.

LET-

LETTER V.

MISS NELLY —— TO MISS ——.

THERE'S nothing in war, that I think is alarming,
And all their camp muſic, I think is quite charming!
The hautboys and trumpets, the fifes and baſſoons.
From morning till night, ſtill practice new tunes:
But you'd, perhaps, know, how we ſpend here our time,
I 'll tell you exactly, if I can find rhime!
In the morning 'till nine, they 're powdring the men,
I hope the firſt battle, will not be till ten!
But we 've a report here—I 'm vex'd as the deuce,
That while we 're encamping—they've ſettled a truce!
What 's a Camp without fighting?—a nothing at all,
We 'ed as well walk the Park, or ſup at Vauxhall!
I wiſh'd in my heart, to have once ſeen a battle!
I long ſo to hear, our great mortars loud rattle.
And the mines here, they ſay, make a greater bounce ſtill,
Than thoſe at fam'd Kew, or at more fam'd Tow'r-hill!
When the papers they 've read, they all march to ſchool,
To learn how to conquer, by meaſure and rule;

To

To win a great battle—I think from my ſoul,
Is rather more dubious, than Quadrille the vole!
Nay, dear Fanny, I think—or, may I be kiſs'd,
Tis ten times as eaſy, to ſlam at dear Whiſt!
Now dinner 's preparing, the Cook are all ſtewing,
The ſoldiers, their black bread, reluctant are chewing!
Now the how d'ye's, and cards, ſwift fly round about,
You 'd think ev'ry Col'nel here, kept a great rout.
But we girls of ſpirit, have got our own meſs,
And in regimentals, we conſtantly dreſs.
The Dutcheſs of D——, Beauty's fair queen,
At the head of our meſs, is conſtantly ſeen.
She's the life of our pleaſure, the queen of our Camp,
And for our amuſement, her Grace we may thank!
So gallant our heroes, at Beauty's fair ſhrine,
Their paſs-words are ſonnets—their billets all rhime!
I thought to have wrote you, a page or two more,
For a budget of nonſenſe, I 've yet in ſtore.
But the tattoo is beating, I muſt then conclude,
If you do n't write an anſwer—I 'm ſure 'twill be rude!

LET-

LETTER VI.

ENSIGN TOOTHPICK TO LADY SARAH TOOTHPICK.

THO' from me you 've heard not, ſince laſt Tueſday's poſt,
No battles we 've had yet—*D'Eſtaing*'s left our coaſt!
Let news-paper battles, my Lady, not fright,
I think in my conſcience—we hardly ſhall fight!
The crouds here ſo great are---if ſoon they do n't tramp,
I 'm really quite fearful, they 'll ſtarve us in camp!
Gay milleners here, in ſuch crouds you will meet,
You 'd ſwear you was trudging in Taviſtock-ſtreet!
Lady Tabitha Rump 's here, and Suſan her couſin,
And Huſſeys from King's-place, I 'm ſure twenty dozen!
Here 's Alderman Turtle, the chicken his mate,
With lubberly Iſaac---and aukward Miſs Kate!
And what I am ſure, has made us all ſtare,
A tent is here up---for the gallant Lord Mayor!
He 's come here I find, our belts to examine,
(A dozen Lord Mayors, would ſoon bring a famine)
We 're clearing the camp now, of tatterdemallions,
Our friſeurs are liſted, and make two battalions!

I 've loſt mine, alas! and am deep in the vapours,
My hair all the morning, I muſt wear in papers!
Religions we 've various, ſome Papiſts, ſome Quakers,
And ſome that of church, we 're never partakers;
Good Weſtly, ſome journeymen, to us has ſent,
And a methodiſt chapel we 've made of a tent,
Our chaplains quite grumble, nay openly mutter,
That for mere religion, there ſhould be ſuch clutter!
Our ſurgeons, for battles, each hour now pray,
Their ſaws, and their knives, they 're cleaning all day,
Of wounds, cuts and ſlaſhes, forever they talk,
You 'd think they *beſpoke* ye---ſo fiercely they ſtalk!
Theſe things are ſo dreadful, ſhould ne'er have ſurviv'd,
But a cargo from Warren's, with convoys arriv'd!
Poor Titmouſe, and I, are quite out of our wits,
I fear'd in his tranſports, he 'd gone into fits!
I ſhould have wrote more yet, my heart is ſo light,
But couſin O'Donnell, a poſtſcript will write.

" This poſtſcript, I hope, will not find you in town,
" Becauſe to the camp, I would have you come down.
" Egad you'll be pleas'd quite, and laugh very hearty,
" To ſee all the humours of our comic party!

" Faith

" For this war, my Lady, as I recollect,
" I 've ſeen none yet droller, or e'er can expect,
" We 've two kinds of ſoldiers, ſome ſoldiers, ſome not,
" Though for ſweet fighting, they 're equally hot!
" We look at each other, exact, by my life,
" As ſhy and reſerved, as a ſtrange man and wife!
" Egad they 're fine fellows, and if they knew how,
" They 'd exerciſe ſurely, as eaſy as plough!
" Well, adieu, my dear jewel, till ſome other times,
" My poket-book 's loſt, where I kept all my rhimes."

LETTER VII.

MISS NELLY BRISK TO MISS FANNY GADABOUT.

DEAR Fanny, delay not, but haſte pray to ſee,
The ſhow that is here now, a famous markee,
'Tis ſo broad, long and high, (do n't think I 'd be witty)
It ſeems like St. Paul's, in the midſt of the city;
Well, who can complain, at the tax that he pays,
When war ſeems amuſement, and battles ſeem plays.
The grumbling old Cynics are never content,
I wiſh at Old Scratch, the Minority ſent.
But quite apropos, Miſs, ſad news I 've juſt heard,
A duel this morning, indeed was much fear'd,
Between Captain Cupid, and Captain M'Thunder,
But to gallant Cupid the Captain knock'd under;
This little *rencontre*, but happen'd to-day,
I 'll tell you, Miſs Fanny, the whole of this fray.
As Cupid this morning was careleſsly ſtrolling,
The Captain he met, as fiercely patrolling;
In vain did poor Cupid obedience ſtrait pay,
The hero was ſulky, and jog'd on his way.

Now

Now frown'd the bold urchin, his bow he now ſtrung,
But e'er he could draw it, the Captain thus ſung:

'Tis wars loud alarms,
The ſoldier's heart charms,
His boſom ſtill pants for the Camp and the field,
Ah, Cupid! then fly,
Thy darts I defy,
No, never to Love ſhall this ſtubborn heart yield.

Cupid laugh'd at the whim, aſide threw his dart,
And whiſper'd fair Cloe, to melt the cold heart;
A glance from her eye, the bus'neſs effected,
As ſure as if Cupid a dart had directed;
The Captain is vanquiſh'd, for Cloe he dies,
His paſſion ſoft whiſpers, and courts her in ſighs;
To Cupid love-vows in due homage he brings,
And ten times a day, through the Camp he thus ſings.

Lovers boaſt not icy hearts,
Soon they thaw 'fore Cupid's darts;
Still he bears imperial ſway,
All muſt love, and all obey.

Yet why Cupid waſte thy darts?
Woman wins the coyeſt hearts;
Should you, urchin, nap a while,
Who'd reſiſt my Cloe's ſmile!

Flora rifle all your bow'rs,
Seek perfumes, or painted flow'rs,
Cloe's breath ſhames all perfume,
Cloe's bluſh exceeds their bloom.

At my Cloe's ſparkling eye,
Who but gazes ſure muſt die;
Who but hears my Cloe ſing,
Muſt his heart in homage bring.

With my Cloe, who compare!
Cloe 's faireſt of the fair!
In my Cloe, all muſt find,
Venus with Minerva join'd.

Sweet ſlumber attend ye, dear Fanny, good night,
As matters occur here, I duly ſhall write.

LETTER VIII.

MISS NELLY TO MISS FANNY.

OUR time is now ſpent in ſinging and dancing,
Nor have we yet heard that the French are advancing;
In harmony, friendſhip, we truly agree;
All ſcandal we 've baniſh'd, nay even at tea;
No ſneering proud dames, on us here can intrude:
We 've held a Court-Martial on Tibby the prude;
Guilty we found her, ſhe to-morrow will tramp,
Nor e'er ſhew her face in five miles of the Camp.
By gay Cupid's command (he's ſure a ſweet man)
We 're laurels collecting, as faſt as we can:
He ſings a good ſong, as our officers ſay,
And this Bagatelle Cupid gave us to day.

SONG.

Ye mortals of all ſorts, that make up this throng,
Attend Captain Cupid, and chorus his ſong;
Let the true Britiſh ſpirit but fire each ſwain,
And ſoon we can triumph o'er France and proud Spain.

When

When beauty inſpires, can a mortal know danger,
In fair Liberty's cauſe, pale Fear is a ſtranger:
Now around me the beauties that grace Cupid's train,
With Laurels all ready, to crown each bold ſwain;

Your lives and your fortunes Britannia requires,
Repair then all to her, whom glory inſpires;
Let the true Britiſh ſpirit, but fire each ſwain,
And ſoon you will triumph o'er France and proud Spain.

FINIS.

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